Adventure on the Rocky Mountains

A Pormer Scrantonian Describes a Trip to Pike's Peak.

THE SENSATION OF FREEZING

Terrible Experience of Miss Minnie Pow ell and a Party of Friends Who Made the Ascent Upon Foot in October. Heroism of an Escort.

Colorado Springs, Nov. 26.—I told you. week or so after school commenced. Well, we went, but not horseback. We the trip Oct, 6 and 7. The party was Caldwell, Miss St. Clair and myself, bride for her health. She caught cold on their wedding trip last June, and has since been very low with consumption. She is now recovering and abl to drive out, but of course, not able to have joined the pedestrian party for the summit of Pike's Peak.

Our plans were all laid and we were to start early Saturday morning-re turning on Sunday-spending the night on the Peak. Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell and a few other Kentucky friends drove up to the school Friday afternoon to have the last talk over the trip before starting. We compared notes and found that each of us had been solemn ly warned to not take the trip on foot a this time of the year, by numerou cautious people, and, on the other hand, urged on by non-cautious people. We were inclined to follow the advice of th latter, and went down to see how Mrs Argo felt about it. We found her with a sick baby and no servant. That settled her going. Nothing daunted in our determination to go, Mr. Caldwell, Mis-St. Clair and I looked elsewhere for chaperone. We begged, we plend with all the non-consumptive ladies of our acquaintance. One was afraid of her heart; another, that her respiratory or gans would give out on such a clim and at such great altitude; another wa afraid she would freeze to death. W laughed at such an excuse as that. Did we laugh later? Wait-you shall see. and as Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Argo advised us to go, we decided to start the

A Desirable Acquisition.

While we were completing the arrangements that afternoon, a telegram was received by Mr. Argo from Mr. Gregory, saying he would pass through Colorado Springs that night with a thirsty, hungry and oh! so cold. couple car loads of horses en route to Kentucky, and wanted to join the and lunch to his back and went on move even my arms. It was as if my gan to wonder if they ever would stop. one of our party. You will comprehend why, later.

That evening Miss St. Chair and I party of ten instead of only five. Mr. Antlers, where we were to meet Messrs. Caldwell and Gregory, Miss St. Clair I shall take time to say, we dressed very warmly, were light-weight coats and each carried a shawl in shawlstrap. Miss Cornish carried a small grip, containing bottles of Pond's Extract, alcohol, camphor, ammonia, smelling salts brandy. At 6.45 a. m. we five boarded the cars for Manitou-a distance of six miles. Arrived there we this point to the summit is twelve mlies by following the cog road. The cara A glorious day-neither too cool nor too warm. We reached what is called the Half Way House at 12.15 p. m. None coffee and ate lunch. At 1.15 p. m. we continued our ascent. Mr. Caldwell



and I seemed much the best walkers We kept quite a distance ahead of the others without tiring ourselves much. Miss St. Clair came along so slowly that we very much feared she would give out. The grade now became steeper and it was very apparent that we were all getting very tired and short

I have told you how difficult it is for most people to breathe even at the Springs, and we were now at an elevation of about 9,000 feet. Miss Cornish began to have a rather queer look, and her breath came in quick, jerky gasps. She insisted that she was doing very well and so we kept on slowly climbing and climbing, but finding it neccessary to sit down and rest about every dozen steps. We talked and joked less. Each one felt that climbing the peak on foot was a rather more serious undertaking than we had anticipated. Still, we were not sorry that we had come. We were now nearing the timber line-the last tree was in sight-and we thought that it could not be more than two hours before we should reach

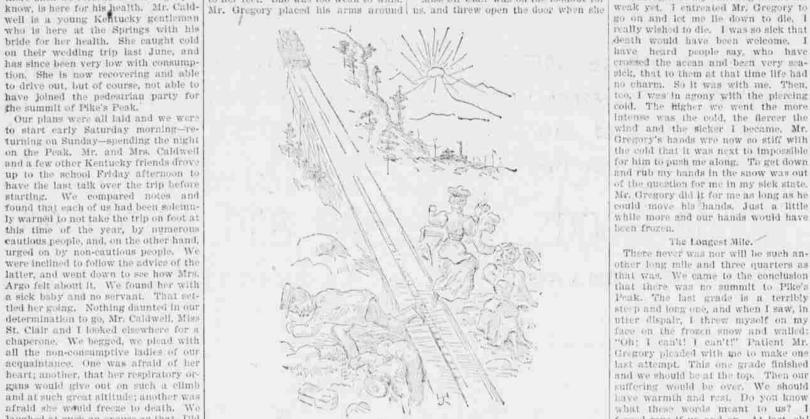
The Toboggan Episode. We had been warned at the Half Way

at Windy Point the wind was blowing toboggans bearing down on us at a nost terrible speed. His cry of "The oboggans! The toboggans!" roused us, and we just had time to roll off the track-some of us not yet on our feetwhen the toboggans went literally flyall have been killed.

Cornish particularly. This was too Give me something to eat. Do get me like one dead. Her heart gave a few wild jumps and then seemed almost to I believe, that a party of us intended going horseback up Pike's Peak, a Miles from any human habitation, no to speak and lay as if dead. With sus they told us that the wind was blowing water, no vegetation, only a stony, perhuman strength Mr. Gregory picked at 160 miles an hour. It blew strong barren mountain, snow capped peaks me up in his arms (I weigh 122 pounds) Mr. Gregory and Miss St. Clair over a walked up and rode down. We made all around us, and an apparently dying and carried me the remaining half mile number of times. Not to mention lasting strength. Sold by girl. You see we were afraid of heart to the little, log cabin on the side of the strong (?) Miss Cornish and myself. have consisted of Mrs. Argo, Mr. fallure, People have dropped dead time mountain in among the rocks. How he often we had to crawl on our hands ldwell, Miss St. Clair and myself. and again from heart failure at that ever did he says he cannot say. He and knees, Miss St. Clair had to help Mr. Argo intended walking as far as altitude. We worked with her twenty knew that he simply must. If he did Miss Cornish: Mr. Gregory had more the Half Way House and remaining minutes before she was able to be lifted to the lifted to her feet. She was too weak to walk. Miss St. Clair was on the lookout for

I was freezing to death? How It Feels to Freeze. What I shall tell you now is what has had a mile and three quarters of the been told me. I remember nothing un- most difficult grade to climb. til I came to consciousness lying on the bare, cold floor of that cabin. Mr. Il have been killed.

We were weak enough before—Miss comfortable, so warm, but so hungry. you will not give me anything to eat, Do not move me, I am so sleepy. So



Escape from the Tobbogans.

Pike's Penkers on their trip; so he ahead of us. Mr. Gregory and Miss body had become paralyzed. In an or was I to spend the rest of my life would stop off. We were delighted with Cornish came next, he still all but this desirable acquisition to our party.

Mr. Gregory is a great favorite. Large Mr. Gregory is a great favorite. Large, were last, ten minutes walk behind was lying on a soft, warm feather bed operator took shawls and went in young and strong and bubbling over Mr. Gregory and Miss Cornish, and and that a great number of people were search of the girls. with life and fun. At the time we were simply pleased that he would join us. Well. I felt myself becoming weaker some great deed I had done. The feath-love, steep grade—Miss St. Clair rub-Today we offer up a prayer of thanks and wanker. Miss St. Clair noticed it er bed turned out to be a bare, hard, bing Miss Cornish's hands with snow; giving that he did join us. God, in His and felt worried. I told her I thought cold floor; and the clapping of hands— Miss St. Clair was neither sick nor omniscience, sent Mr. Gregory to be if I only had something to eat and my my face and hands being slapped. As freezing. She was only weak from batgo on. My lips were now so stiff with how hungry I was I asked for somethe cold, that I had difficulty in moving them to even speak. At supper cabin put, into my hand a well she stood the trip. I really the next horse. Leave the real of the surely is as tough as leather. filled three good sized boxes with a ing them to even speak. At supper very tempting lunch-enough for a the night before, I was too much clated | hard at the thought of going to eat anything. Argo said be would drive us, Misses All I could think of and say was, "I'm between it. I snatched it like a wild Imagine my amazement when I saw Cornish and St. Clair and myself, at 6 going to walk to the Peak." The same ereature. To the end of time I shall Miss St. Clair coming in without any the next morning went down to The way at breakfast and likewise at lunch at the Half Way House. Do you wonder that I now felt hungry? "Felt managed, with considerable exertion, both on her part and on mine, to induce starving. Miss St. Clair told me to me to rise at 5 a. m. Everything had come on as rapidly as I could and been made ready the night before, so she would go ahead to stop Mr. Caldthat we had nothing to do but dress, well to get me some of the lunch and eat our breakfast of eggs, bread and my shawl. In twenty minutes more butter and coffee, jump into the wait- she was out of sight. We had now ing carringe and be driven to the hotel, reached Windy Point. I can assure you it was truly named.

Business for Mr. Gregory. Mr. Gregory laid Miss Cornish down

on the rocks and came back to help

me, as he had noticed my failing

strength. The wind had blown me

down several times. I managed with took a carriage to the Cog Road sta- side too weak to stand even with the it.) I devoured that biscuit like a tion—about two miles. Now began our aid of Mr. Gregory's arm. He, poor starving animal and then said, "More never-to-be-forgotten climb. From man, was just exhausted. For two Give me more. It is so good," I shall Cormish, and now he had me unable to everything I could lay my hands on, riage road is twenty-one miles. We go a step farther. It was yet two and jumped at them like a crazy pertook the cog road. It was now 8.30 a. miles and three quarters to the top of son if they tried to restrain me. At three of us would have to die right of us felt much fatigued. We ordered there, We must go on; to stay there would be to freeze to death. The odd stuper that comes from long exposure, graph to send you. It is called the at a great altitude in cold, was stealing over me. Strange noises sounded this point has the form of a saddle. An in my cars, and my feet and hands old Irish woman-Mary Morgan-lives tingled. Down below in the valley the there and boards the section men. sun was shining warmly, but at this elevation the cold was piercing. A high wind had also risen as the day declined. The fatal desire to be down and be at rest, with which frost kills, stole on I struggled hard against this mortal sleepiness and increasing numb-ness. At last I begged Mr. Gregory to let me lie on those rocks and ricep while he went on with Mas Cornish and sent back help for me. I did not realize my danger. L thought weak-ness and hunger had made me sleepy. and that if I could only lie there and sleep an hour, I should then have strength to go on. I was no longer cold, but so sleepy that I simply could not keep awake. Mr. Gregory would waken me, and in anothes second I would be in a sound sleep. Suddenly was freezing to death-I was really be-

> ing us. Just imagine his joy. sent him to help us. The lady, of course, was Miss St. Clair. He sald Mr. Cald-was Miss St. Clair "turned in." I sat by the well had left the cabin about twenty fire with Mr. Gregory. minutes before Miss St. Clair reached there. You see, when Mr. Caldwell left |-a small cooking stove-so hot that | She could not stand another such fright us, Miss St. Clair and I were getting while our toes were burning our backs as she had when she saw Mr. Gregory along very nicely. Only Miss Cornish would be freezing, and vice versa. After had given out. So he thought he had a brief season in bed the girls again wonder what will happen to me next better go on as fast as he could before loined us and the rest of that long. Nothing short of a trip with Peary will he gave out entirely Himself. He is not windy, freezing night we kept watch seem like anything to me.

dragging us along, when he saw a man,

could not have lifted two ounces. venturesome men were to come down on them. We had entirely forgotten about them and were each, not sitting, but lying down in the center of the track, when we heard something like a walked on a lattle distance. I had no readily imagine. Then, too, the wind the first and the first a

At last we found a young lady-Miss her. She moved her feet. He pushed heard Mr. Gregory's call for help. It has sintion. A few more weary, weary Cornish, the boys' supervisor at the her up the mountain. Miss St. Clair was now dark. They laid me on the size, and I was lying on the door sill, school, who readily consented to go; and I were still able to go floor limp and apparently lifeless. Afat a reasonable rate, for working with me a little over five move, but still conscious. It was felt extremely hungry and minutes I began to show some signs of quite a while before I was able to do sunshine, as we were all terribly not move me. Let me sleep." Then I rubbed no face and hands with snow chilled. The wind was now blowing in began to slowly regain consciousness and ice water, and in about a half an our faces at a rate of forty miles an and to open my eyes giddily and to no-hour. On we trudged, up and up—tired, tice my surroundings. It seemed as if Then I had first one chill and then I were being awakened from a pleasant another, Indeed, I had such severe shawl that I should have strength to soon as I was able to sit up I realized tling with that terrific hurricane.



Mr. Gregory's help to get as far as may not know that I formerly detested Miss Cornish. Then I lay down by her bacon. I could not be induced to eat hours he had literally carried Miss not go into details about how I are the Peak, and he alone with two girls last I began to act more like myself and unable to walk. He just thought the to pay some heed to how worn-out and tired the others were.

That old log cabin! I can never describe it to you. I wish I had a photo-Saddle house, because the mountain at There were only two there when we The men-sometimes sixteenwere. slept in one room-no floor, in berths or bunks, as they called them, one on top of the other. The coalbin and wood plie were also in this room-if room it could be called. In the center was an old stove-ashes piled all around it. Three sides of the room were lined with the berths-two rows. One wee winflow was the only means of ventilating

A Eed to Be Remembered.

enough for Mr. Gregory, He magnantmously said he would sit up all night and keep the fire burning in the room that was the general living room. The

very strong man, and at that time by that fire, and noted the antics of the dezens of mountain rats and mice, The thought of help being so near at which swarmed around us. They

mighty wind. We had been told that sooner sat down than I fell over un- was blowing, howling around that conscious, Mr. Gregory, at the same cabin at eighty miles an hour. Last at eighty miles an hour, and, as an- time, was taken with a severe chill, and year I thought I had heard wind, Now other hour's walking would bring us was wild with anxiety about me. He I know that I had never heard wind there, we naturally supposed that we forced the few remaining drops of until that night. You can have no were beginning to hear the wind. Some-thing prompted Mr. Caldwell to look up the grade. To his horror he saw the me to rouse myself. Didn't I know that it abated somewhat, and at daybreak, breakfastless, we resumed our walk for the summit. We still

We started out quite briskly, considering all things. We had gone about ing by us. A second more we should Gregory says, that presently I mut- a quarter of a mile when to my utter dismay, I began to be very sick. I struggled against it with all my might but sick I was, and deathly sick, too. much for her. She lay on the ground some soup. I am starving to death and It was the great altitude that was affeeting me. The cold was intense, and the higher up we went the harder blew than his hands full with poor sick me. The thought of my suffering makes me death would have been welcome, I have heard people say, who have crossed the acean and been very seapick, that to them at that time life had

no charm. So it was with me. Then, too, I was in agony with the piercing cold. The higher we went the more intense was the cold, the flercer the wind and the sicker I became, Mr. Gregory's hands wee now so stiff with the cold that it was next to impossible for him to push me along. To get down and rub my hands in the snow was out of the question for me in my sick state. Mr. Gregory did it for me as long as he could move his hands. Just a little while more and our hands would have The Longest Mile.

There never was nor will be such another long mile and three quarters as that was. We came to the conclusion that there was no summit to Pike' Peak. The last grade is a terribly steep and long one, and when I saw, in ntier dispair, I threw myself on my face on the frozen snow and walled: "Oh; I can't!" Patient Mr. Gregory pleaded with the to make one last attempt. This one grade finished and we should be at the top. Then our suffering would be over. We should have warmth and rest. Do you know what these words meant to us? forced myself up and on. At last, oh! happy, happy moment, we saw the sigwanted to eat, but Mr. Caldwell sug-gested that we wait until we reach the muttered, "I am so comfortable. Do pain in my hands and face. They

biscult with a generous expected the two men would bring in slice of fat, boiled bacon-cut thick- both the girls either dead or dying. never foget how good that biscuit and | help, throw over both her shawls, come fat, thick bacon tasted. (You may or briskly up to the fire, rub her hands to gether and say: "My! but isn't it cold. Do let us have some hot coffee and a warm breakfast at once." The thought of breakfast made me shiver. Miss Cornish's hands were freezing when they brought her in, and she suffered about as much as I did when they be-

gan to thaw. The black cook soon had a hot steaming breakfast of coffee, hot rolls, fried eggs, mutton chops and fried potatoes ready. By the way, you may or may not know that it takes two hours and a half to bell eggs on the Peak. You can put your hand into boiling water without burning. I tried It. Miss St. Clair and Mr. Caldwell ate a hearty brenkfast. The others of us scarcely tasted anything. We paid \$5 for the breakfast. I forgot to tell that we paid \$1.25 each for sitting around the fire at the old cabin. It seemed cheap to us

Mr. Coldwell had reached the top at 8 p. m. the night before with his fingers frost bitten. He has since had no feeling at all in his fingers. Just before he came in sight of the signal station ACME OIL, the only family safety a stupor stole over him and he lay down burning oil in the market. a stupor stole over him and he lay down in the snow. He was just dropping off in the fatal sleep when he realized his danger and forced himself to go on. We had telephoned from the Saddle House telling him we should stay there all

The Summit at Last.

It was 7.30 a. m. Sunday when we reached the top. We stayed there until the train came up at 11.30 a. m. with seventeen passengers. Only one was siek-a young lady. She was unconscious most of the time she was up there. Just as soon as the train reached a couple of thousand feet lower altitude she was herself again.

Those who came up on the train missed the grand scenery we had had early in the morning. Until 9.30 a. m. we could see nothing below us but soft A look at the dingy, dirty hole was billowy clouds. The sun was shiring on the Peak above them. Then they cleared away and we had a view of hundreds and hundreds of miles, Colorado Springs looked about as large as old woman said she thought we three a dining room table. We could see our ne had the horrible thought that I girls could sleep in the same bed with school. It looked like a toy. It is hardher. Oh! that bed and bed room. Shall ly necessary to my we took the train ing chilled rather than actually freez- the memory of it ever grow dim. A down the mountain. We left the Peak He made one last supreme effort. bed and some grocery boxes comprised at 11.30 and reached the station at He took me under one arm and Miss the entire furniture. Not the suspicion Maniton a little after 1 o'clock. We Cornish under the other, and was of a window in the room. Our old took a carriage through Maniton to the friend curied herself like a snall in its electric car and reached the school at with a shawl under his arm, approaching us. Just imagine his joy.

shell, in one corner of the bed and then 2.15 p. m. Loud and long was the approaching us. Just imagine his joy. plause which greeted us. We were not The man came from a log cabin a comically at one another and each said any worse for our trip after a day or mile away, and said that a lady had to the other, with a poke of the elbow, two. Mr. Gregory went on to Ken-

No more Pike's Peak on foot for me. Miss St. Clair says she would like to go The room was so cold, and the stove sgrain, but she does not want me along wonder what will happen to me next

Minnie Powell.

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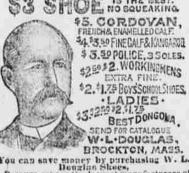
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